

GEORGE ATANGA

TOURING GIRLS



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Touring Girls

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Free Ride

Jacob Mbuy was a young man from the village of Ntamambang. He was doing his third year in the University of Yaoundé when he learnt that the then president His Excellency Amadou Ahidjo had increased the amount of bursaries for students of higher learning. The amount was now 35,000 FRS a month for third year students. He calculated that if he managed it well he could pay his rents, buy all his food, have enough for taxi to school and still have much left for social outings for him and the numerous girlfriends he was harbouring around town. Talking about girlfriends, Jacob Mbuy was really addicted to sex. He went for ‘everything in skirt’ and wouldn’t give up until he had pushed the skirt right up beyond the neck. In Yaoundé, his afternoon and evening assignment was sitting in front of his roadside hostel and laying traps for the numerous secondary school girls who were walking home from school. He put all strategy in place to catch his prey ‘Hi Baby, Can you do me a favour? I wish to get some information about someone in your school.’ ‘Sure.’ The poor girl would say taking him for his word. He would ask of inexistent persons and would end up by proposing to the student to have a meal or drink with him in his hostel and finally some taxi money to take her home. In Yaoundé, 90% of secondary schools students trek to school and the distances are often very far. Worse still, most of these teenagers don’t have anything to eat at school. They are thus very exhausted and hungry by the time they are returning from school. In this case most of them, mostly the girls are vulnerable and would easily fall prey to the likes of

Jacob Mbuy. That was the kind of life Jacob led in Yaoundé during his last year in the university. Back in his home village in Ntamambang during holidays, he was a girl juggler. This village had four secondary schools: two missionary and two public with very elderly women, some of who had been married and who had avoided the town schools to study in the village in order to stay away from urban exposure and shame. As is always the case with a village girl, being invited to the town or city by a man for a date is always a welcome invitation. This was an opportunity to enjoy some modern life, eat some good food and have a good drink in some modern restaurant or hotel and maybe dance some good music in some night club of class instead of the village bars. This would also be an opportunity for her to prove to her other classmates that she was in a different social class. Jacob knew all this and exploited it to his fullest. He picked them up, used them and dumped them off like toilet tissue. Curious enough, they were the girls who celebrated the pick. Half of his bursary for a month taken home during a vacation was enough to massacre dozens of school girls. That was Jacob Mbuy by the time he completed from the University of Yaoundé. When graduates were applying to the government for teaching jobs which were the most common jobs for graduates those days, Jacob preferred to write his own application to teach in a missionary girls school in Yaoundé, the College of the sisters of Mary because it had very beautiful and fresh young girls.

‘You want to teach here’ asked the principal, a catholic reverend sister of Canadian nationality.

‘Yes’

‘But you are a graduate; you have a bilingual degree, why don’t you apply to the government where you will earn more

money? What do you like in this school? My beautiful girls?' What a trap? A good interpretation of his intentions!

The calm way the woman put the question tempted Jacob to take her earnestly and say yes, but he recollected just in time to see the lady looking straight into his eyes. 'The government has no more vacancies in the city of Yaoundé and the tendency will be to send us to the provinces and this will obstruct me from following up with my Masters degree in the university.' A good lie from Jacob. The woman stood up and moved to the window and called. 'Miss Mbarga. Come on.' A young woman of about 40 came in. 'Sit down. You were looking for an English teacher. Here is an applicant who is not only English but bilingual.' The woman looked at Jacob very suspiciously and said,

'No'

'Why no?'

'I thought from the experience of last year we agreed not to recruit these young unmarried men in order to avoid having our students being constantly abused. This is just that kind of man. Look at the way he is dressed'. Jacob first looked at his own dressing as though he was not aware of it. He was wearing a coat over a t-shirt. Only then did he remember that he was wearing a chain over the t-shirt with a medal hanging on it with the inscription LOVE, conspicuously flashing on it. He tried to cover the medal with his hand but too late, the principal had already seen it and pushed away his hand and lifted up the medal and read, 'Love, whom do you love?'

'Humanity' the answer came instinctively.

'Do you have any other applications for English?' The younger woman asked.

‘Yes, same thing all unmarried graduates.’

‘Maybe we can talk about it later.’

‘OK young man we will look at your application and get back to you if we consider you good enough for the job, right?’ Do you have an address on which we can reach you?’ ‘Yes, it is on the application.’ ‘Or we can simply send a radio announcement.’ Said the younger woman who seemingly was getting uneasy with Jacob’s presence and wanted him out of the compound as soon as possible. Jacob thanked her, took his excuse and left. Out in the compound he got a very close view and evaluation of the freshest students of the college. As he moved out of the school compound he mumbled to himself, ‘If I am recruited to teach here, I will deal with you fellows.’

Two weeks later, Jacob was called to take up service. He was to teach English literature for the junior classes and French language for the examination classes. It served his purpose well. The examination classes had a more flexible timetable. Even though they had to respect all the boarding school rules, they could with or without permission go out into the town to get accessories for examination purposes, ranging from laboratory material, writing material, or read in some of the more stocked city libraries.

Jacob often encouraged them to put more time in reading extra material in the town libraries but he had an underlying intention under this encouragement. He often attached his own appointments to their programs to meet somewhere either in a student’s room or in an inn. His sex addiction had no limit and soon crossed to the female teachers of the school. He made advances to a chemistry teacher by name Armanda. Armanda the young and beautiful teacher of Beti origin easily fell prey to his sex advances and soon they could be seen together going to movies in the town cinema halls in

the evenings. Armanda too had her own plans for him. She wanted to keep all of him for herself and asked and got one of the keys to his apartment at the Longkak quarters. Later on she insisted to keep control of his daily schedule. She obliged him to accept to reveal their relationship to the school administration as demanded by the school regulations. Jacob reluctantly accepted to follow her to the principal's office.

'Yes, lady and gentleman what can I do for you? Any problem?' The principal asked when she saw them walk into his office. She had to ask this question because most often when two of her teachers came into her office at once it was to report a problem. Either there was a conflict in their class timetables and they could not agree between themselves or one teacher had caused a scene in the staff room. This time it was going to be different.

'No problem sister.' Armanda who was taking an upper hand in the presentation said, 'Sister, I and Jacob are actually here to tell you that we are about to try a relationship and would wish to ask for your blessings and prayers so that it can materialise into a life relationship.'

Wow! Congratulations. Great to hear that. Why, sure you have all my prayers and why not that of all the teachers of this college.' While Armanda was making the presentation, Jacob was busy looking away shyly not letting his eyes meet those of the principal.

'How old are you Jacob?'

'Twenty-eight.' He spoke still looking away.

'And you Armanda?'

'Twenty-four'

'Perfect!' Very good ages to start knowing each other. While endorsing your relationship, I will like to take the opportunity to remind you that this is an elitist school of the

Roman Catholic Church in Cameroon and even though we don't want the public to see this place as a place where people come to practise some kind of immorality, engagement and marriage is as well a doctrine encouraged in our Church between a young man and a young girl if they are sincere and honest in their intent. Are you sure you are sincere to each other?' While Armanda answered, 'Yes Sister.' Jacob only made a guttural noise audible only to himself.

'Did you know each other before coming here?'

'No, Sister.'

This time it was Jacob who spoke audibly while Armanda reassured, 'For the short time we have been here, we have come to know each other well.' 'Fine!' Hope you two will continue with that kind of confidence in each other. On my part as the principal of this school, I have nothing against your relationship. The only thing I will say is that even though we don't want to let the public look at our institution as a place where young men and young women come to practise immorality, it is also the wish of the Catholic Church that young men and women be encouraged to get together in matrimony within the norms of Christianity. I repeat according to Christian doctrines.'

'Thank you sister.' Armanda said but Jacob still remained silent.

'One more thing. Remember these premises are sacred and destined for the upbringing of Christian girls. You should desist from behaving immorally and indecently in front of these girls. Keep away such behaviour and do it when you reach home. Bye now. It should be time for the next period.' The couple went out, one gloating in happiness and the other feeling trapped and contemplating on his next move. That was not all. Armanda again brought another complication.

She insisted to have Jacob's daily program under her control and scrutiny. She asked that they take their lunch in the school canteen together and move home to one of their houses together before separating for the day if at all they had to. This meant that Jacob would not have his way with other girls very easily. This was exactly what he hadn't wanted. His desire was to sleep with as many different girls as possible every week. He had only wanted to pass through Armanda and continue to the others. In short, to pass through her without letting her pass through him. And what was Armanda up to? Keep him all to herself? Lies! It was not yet time for him to give himself up to a single woman. He still had many years to go and many more women to count. He had come to this school because of the many student girls there not because of one female teacher. He tried to undo his bag of tricks to continue his games with the students. This time he requested and took up the responsibilities of the sports master of the school. Even though sports was taught by sports teachers sent by the government, the responsibility of taking the students out for competitions with other schools and ensuring that they came back directly to school was the sole responsibility of the sports master and in this case Jacob. If there was someone with some sharp brains in the school, he or she would have noticed that each time after a sports competition out of the school, when the rest were coming back there was always a late comer who would come back with some complaint of either staying back because of a missing sport attire, a missing ball or staying back to heal a sprain or one thing or the other. Jacob would always appear very responsible as he would give the impression that he had to stay back to make sure that he brought home the student safely.

‘Thank you Mr Mbuy for your sense of responsibility’ the principal would thank him ignorant of all happenings.

‘These students are giving me a lot headache. Everyday there must be one to make me run helter-skelter looking for her.’ Jacob would speak frowning and looking very serious.

‘Poor you.’ The principal would empathise. And on and on Jacob was having his way very easily. Soon difficulties started signalling not from Armanda or the principal but from the students themselves. A woman in love is a jealous woman, no matter what her age is or her status. Just as Armanda wanted to keep Jacob all for herself so were some of the student girls too who had fallen victim to Jacob’s lustful acts.

In a week, Jacob got embarrassed by two different students who walked up to him and asked him to own up at least between the two of them to get their relationship going. One of them even asked for more outings.

‘I never knew this until you put me into it. You can’t just walk away like that after just a meeting. You have to keep it going.’

‘Are you crazy? Do you hear yourself? Do you realise what you are doing?’

‘You have made me crazy. Did you realise what you were doing when you started it?’ One student after the other brought up her demands and conditions. A few even brought up threats for him to continue the relationship, if not Sister Maria the principal would know what has transpired between them. This did not bother Jacob much for as far as he knew, the Cameroonian law was very loose on sexual abuse on students by their teachers. It was a little serious only if the student got pregnant and even there the authorities did not push the case too far and most of it was left at the disposal of the girls’ parents who themselves were often reluctant to

follow up as it will entail spending huge sums of monies to lawyers and even magistrates or judges and it will take them to nowhere and no profit. Most just preferred to cater for the pregnancy through birth after which they would send their daughter back to school. Jacob knew all of this and did not take any threats from his student girls with any pinch of indigestion. He knew that the highest thing that could be done to him if he were taken up to the school administration was that he could be fired from his job. That would be next to nothing for he could always have another job. Teachers, especially English language teachers were in very high demand in the mostly French dominated bilingual country. 'You can go ahead and report me. You would be the one to lose your education. I already have my BA. If I am sent off from here I'll have another job elsewhere before the end of next month. 'He proudly fired back to these threats and continued playing his games unperturbed.

After one year in the College of the Sisters of Mary in Yaoundé, Jacob got recruited by the Embassy of the Republic of Niger in Cameroon amongst others for employment as an expatriate teacher in Niger, a country which was itself having trouble getting qualified staff for its schools. The incentives that came with this recruitment looked excellent, the advertised salary was to be more than five times what he was earning in his actual job and a free and furnished house, what attracted him most was however not only the salary and the incentives but the small waist well shaped and fresh beautiful Moslem girls, dressed in loins and vests with long plaited hair whose pictures were pasted on the walls of the Niger embassy in Yaoundé. At last he would start exploring a new kind of girls. From what he learnt, the Niger girls were mostly virgins, some of them up to the ages of twenty-five. As he thought they would not be as the Cameroonian girls who at the age of

sixteen were already terribly used up. He never actually had the opportunity to stumble on a virgin despite the scores of girls he had dated. At last he would have the opportunity to experience some beautiful virgins. He planned to be in Niger for two years. For these two years he would get the best out of life. With a good salary, youthful age and a good education, this would no doubt constitute the best era of his life. He would get the best out of it and then retire from sexual adventure, then pick up a woman with whom to settle down for life. Getting the best out of life to him meant having his way with as many virgin Moslem girls as much as possible. He would even go for the president's daughter. After all, he would have everything at his disposal to entice her. Just the promise to take her for a holiday to the mighty and more civilised Cameroon would send any Niger girl rushing helter-skelter to seize the opportunity, he thought.

Arrival and first impressions

The day Jacob and his future colleagues went to pick up their contracts and air-tickets from the Niger embassy, the cultural attaché of the embassy told them, ‘Before you go, I think it is important to tell you this. Niger is not like Cameroon. It is a Moslem country and its laws are naturally very different from those of your country and stricter implementation. Unlike Cameroon, relationships involving the opposite sexes which are not marital in nature are not legally permitted. As you go steer clear of the Niger girls especially the student girls. If any of you thinks you cannot stay without a partner of the opposite sex, I would advise you to take along your partners or wives if you are married. You shall also have an extra allowance for that. So please young men consider this before leaving in order to avoid getting yourself into trouble when you arrive.’ That is what every authority says when employing a teacher, Jacob thought.

‘It is not only in Moslem countries that teachers are forbidden from seeing their students. I heard that same song in the College of the sisters of Mary. It only depends on how smart you are to play your cards’, he told his colleagues.

‘How can you be standing in the river and washing your hands with spittle?’ said another boy and they laughed. Jacob arrived at Niamey International Airport on a Sunday morning dressed in a white suit. He had taken a connecting flight from Abidjan flying in an Air Afrique DC 10 whose destination was the Charles De Gaulle Airport Paris France. The hostess led the passengers to the different control desks and when Jacob arrived the desk of the immigration police, an officer of

about 55 took his passport looked at the photo and then looked at Jacob's face twice and told him to stand by for a moment and then continued screening the other passengers. After everyone had gone off, he turned to Jacob and asked,

'You are coming to teach in our schools?'

'Yes sir.'

'You are welcome to our country.'

'Thank you sir,' Jacob was amazed by the politeness and the respect in the man's voice but was still at a loss why the man had held him back.

'My aim of holding you back is to give you a small advice. You are so handsome a man that I wouldn't want to see you fall into trouble here just because someone did not give you some valuable advice.'

'Thank you sir,' Jacob thanked eager to have this man let him off so that he can go into the city and start having fun.

'I hear your country Cameroon is a nice country where there is much civilisation especially in the big cities. I also hear that in the big cities there are very handsome men and beautiful women who walk hand in hand in open streets and go into bars and hotels to have fun.

'Correct.' Jacob said very proudly thinking that it was all compliments.

'Sir, how do you pronounce your name?'

'Mbuwi' Jacob pronounced his name very articulately.

'Monsieur Mbuwi, this is not Cameroon. This is Niger. We don't permit such behaviour here. We are strictly a Moslem country and don't permit immorality in our society. You have come here to teach. Just do your job and end it there if you want to stay out of trouble. I have said this to a couple of guys from your country who have come to this country before you and some of them have not heeded to my

advice and are today languishing in prison. Do you understand?’

‘Yes sir.’

‘Sorry for taking your time. I just thought this was necessary to guide you on how to go about your job here. Good luck and bye.’

‘Thank you sir’ Jacob said very nonchalantly and walked off grumbling to himself ‘Same song everywhere. When people have lived their lives and are out of enjoyment age they become jealous of the younger generation and tend to institute stupid laws. Rubbish,’ he thought ‘If I don’t enjoy myself with women at this age and now when will I do? Moreover why am I here for?’ He waved to a taxi which took him to the five-star Hotel Gawe just as the cultural attaché had instructed him. The time read 13hrs at the time he checked into the single bed room of the hotel. He had never visited a five-star hotel before, not to talk of going into the room for they were very expensive and reserved only to government dignitaries or some big company staff. At least he was now one of them. As instructed from Yaoundé, he will be lodged and fed and the next day someone will come from the ministry of Education to settle the bills and to give him the next instructions on how to reach his new station. He sized the beautifully made up bed and considered it large and good enough for two persons. His idea of good hotels in Cameroon centred on enjoying women in it. He asked himself, with such a nice bed were these fools telling him that he would spend the night on it alone? No; he thought. He would take a bath, dress up and then go down to the bar/restaurant section of the hotel to see what kind of persons were there. With some luck he could pick up a stray woman and wheedle out a night companionship from her. He took his bath, and got dressed in a t-shirt and a jeans trousers,

an outfit which portrayed his real age and smartness, then descended to the bar/restaurant. There were however many persons there but all were men, some eating and some drinking but what amazed him was that all those who were drinking were drinking either water or some mineral drinks: Fanta, Coca cola, Pepsi or orange juices. How can the bar of a five-star hotel be without a single feminine figure? He thought. He went back to his room upstairs and sat on the table by his bed and a paper on the wall caught his attention and he stood up and walked to it and read it. They were instructions on the use of the rooms. 'It is strictly forbidden to bring women into the rooms who are non-customers.' The statement sounded controversial to him. If he picked up a woman from the city and brought into the room, how could they prove that she is not a customer? Once in the room she was already a customer. 'I won't sleep in this room alone. These guys are joking!' He thought. He looked at the bed from top to bottom and felt himself gripped with desire to lean some succulent breasts on him and roll on the bed from back to front or from top to bottom. He walked to the window and looked out to the swimming pool behind the hotel. If it were in Cameroon at this time of the day on Sunday, the swimming pool would be jammed full with men and women alike, the girls especially would be dressed in very sexy bikinis and patrolling the area ready to seduce any man prepared to take them into one of the hotel rooms. Unfortunately for him there were only two men and an elderly white woman at the swimming pool and nothing else to attract him there. Shit. What kind of country is this? He wondered. He lay on the bed and shifted his thoughts from women to his job and tried to sleep and luckily it worked and he slept and only realised himself by midnight and felt himself again gripped by the desire to have a woman by him. He

moved to the bar hoping to make a late night catch. To his utter disappointment, he found everywhere locked and quiet and only the night guard was on patrol and came to him and asked him if he needed some help. 'No, thank you. I only want to get some fresh air out here.' He lied and went back to spend the rest of the night in his solitary room.

In the morning he went to the hotel restaurant for his breakfast. Half way his breakfast, a man of about 40 approached him and greeted.

'Monsieur Jacob Mbuy, am I right?'

'Yes sir' He looked at the man surprised how he had got his exact names. The man noticed it and introduced himself.

'I am the accountant of the minister of education. We were informed from the embassy in Cameroon that you were coming in yesterday and that you will be lodging in this hotel, that we should make arrangements to receive you and send you to your station. I went up to your room and the cleaner said you were out and probably taking your breakfast. I have come to settle the bills and take you to the minister of education for engagement formalities and travelling requisitions to your new station.'

'Thank you sir. I'll be done with my breakfast in a minute.'

'It's ok; take your time, no rush. I'm not sure the minister is in the cabinet yet.' Jacob finished his breakfast and went up to his room and got dressed while the accountant went to the front desk to settle the bill. After, they drove in a Peugeot car to the ministry and the minister's private secretary presented him to the minister who was already in his cabinet.

'Welcome Mr Jacob,' the minister greeted and stretched his hand and saluted.

‘Thank you, your Excellency.’

‘Hope you had a nice trip to Niger.’

‘Yes your Excellency.’

‘You have come just in time to start classes with the Upper Sixth class of your institution. It’s just a week since schools here reopened. I also got word this morning that the other teachers with whom you were recruited in Cameroon shall be flying in today. Hopefully we shall have them here today evening or tomorrow to go and also take up classes in their different stations. Did you happen to meet some of them before leaving?’

‘Yes your Excellency. We were together in the embassy the other day when the cultural attaché was briefing us.’

‘Perfect, Hope he told you everything about your job.’

‘He said much.’

‘Even if he said all let me emphasise on this. I want to warn you on the dangers of having anything to do with your students especially the girls. The law is very hard on that student-teacher relation in Niger and it is criminal, punishable by the law.’

‘So it is too in my country your Excellency.’

‘No, not like in your country for I hear at times the law overlooks it.

Be sure that that cannot happen here. Once I learn of a case the culprit immediately goes in for and there is no repeal of the law, so be very careful OK?’

‘I talk to you not only as an authority of the ministry of education but also as a father. From my judgement of your age, you should not be up to 30 and it won’t be a good thing to start spending part of your early life in prison when you should be building your future.’

‘Thank you for your advice, your Excellency. I promise to remain disciplined.’ He said but knew within himself that he

was telling a lie. It was a promise that he knew he could not keep. How could he possibly go without a woman for the whole time that he would be in this country? One whole year? Was he a prisoner? When he would get to his institution, he would surely find a strategy on how he will do it. He thought.

‘Fine, you will go with the accountant and he will pay you your advance salary and give you your transport requisition to Maradi by the Niger transport express and you will take off early this morning .I have signed the engagement letter you are going to present to the headmaster of the High School. Ok, safe journey and good luck Mr Mbuy’ He escorted Jacob to the door and tapped him on his shoulder and let him go with the accountant. In the accountant’s office Jacob was presented a paper to sign. It was the advanced salary. He winced at the figure he saw on the paper. It was a seven digit amount. He signed and the man counted twelve bundles of the West African currency and handed it over to him and he pocketed it then signed for the transport requisition that he was to take to the bus station. Then the accountant accompanied him out and waved to a taxi which took him on hire to the bus station. As he was in the taxi, he touched the money again. He had never touched that kind of money before. All this money for me alone, and they say I should not have anything to do with a woman then how do I spend this money? A man’s money was best enjoyed with a woman. Without a woman, a man’s money did not have any value. He thought. A 10,000 FRS bill out of this lot should get any young girl with a brain dancing to his tune. And what more if she is promised to have it regularly in order to keep their relationship secret.

The hired taxi dropped him at the bus station and he boarded the bus for his new station. The journey to Maradi was boring but for one remarkable incident which remained

in Jacob's memory for the whole time he was to remain in that country. The passengers in the bus were either illiterate or spoke neither French nor English such that he could not converse with anyone. The only one who could speak some broken French was the driver but was occupied with his steering and had no time to talk to anyone. Halfway the journey the bus stopped to let the passengers have a rest and ease up themselves. Jacob went out of the bus and wondered off and into a store to buy something to eat. In the store he saw a young and strikingly beautiful girl of the Mbororo race. She was really fresh looking with long plaited hair falling behind her shoulders and a sexy waist which sent shivers running down Jacob's body. How I wished God could give me this kind of baby just for a day. In any case he thought he should give it a try. A shy heart never won a fair dame he thought as he braved up and approached the teenager and tried to open up a conversation with her in French. The girl replied nonchalantly in a local language he did not understand. He pushed on his conversation in very simple French accompanied with physical signs but the girl could still not understand him and soon got fed up with the failed communication and turned to walk out on Jacob. Jacob determined to strike a deal with this girl held her hand and tried to stop her from walking off and pulled her back to him. To her surprise the girl screamed at the top of her voice alerting everyone around who came running to the scene. A crowd soon gathered blocking the door of the store and the girl continued screaming and telling them something in the local language. The crowd started booing and pointing at him. The worst was still to come. Soon some wild and roughly dressed men with long and plaited hair with many large rings on their ears came running and tore through the crowd and entered with swords drawn which they raised ready for

action. They too started talking in the local language, threatening to stab Jacob. They were jumping into the air and landing back on the floor and drew their swords on the floor as though they were sharpening them. Jacob got scared to death and found himself in real trouble but there was no one to turn to for help for he could not communicate with anyone. Luckily for him the driver of the bus noticed what was happening and came in and managed to calm the raging assailants and took back Jacob to the bus. He had noticed that Jacob was a non-national and had not foreseen the consequences of his action.

‘Where do you come from monsieur?’ He asked Jacob when they were in the bus.

‘From Cameroon’ Jacob barely found the breath to talk still shivering from fright.

‘Never you ever do that again. That was very dangerous. You could easily have been stabbed by her husband.’

‘But I did not do anything’

‘You pulled her towards you’

‘But that was all and she started screaming’

‘That is considered as immorality. She had to scream to save herself. If not her husband would suspect her and will start by stabbing her first before finishing up with you. What did you need from her by the way?’

‘I saw her as a beautiful woman, with whom one can have fun, that’s all.’

‘No, that’s not the way we do it here. Here you can only have fun with your own woman ‘Don’t you ever try that again as long as you live here, At least, not with a Mbororo girl. Their men are very wild and will go to any length to protect their women from abuse.’

The rest of the journey passed without any other major incidence and he arrived his station in the evening when schools had closed and was taken straight to the headmaster's house who personally drove him to the school rest house where he was to pass the night. He met another teacher in the rest house who had just come in the day before, a man from Ghana and they spent most of the evening discussing about the differences in cultures, especially the Moslem and the Christian cultures. Their views were the same more so as the Ghanaian culture was very similar to the Cameroonian culture.

'Well we don't have any other choice than to dance to their tune. The saying goes, when you go to Rome, do what the Romans do.' After that both parties retired to bed not without regret for something missing to spice up the evening.

In the morning Jacob got himself well shaven and dressed up in a smart chequered shirt and tie but without a coat for the temperature was a soaring 35°centigrade. He took a taxi to the school and as he entered the gate he noticed that the students were not dressed in any kind of school uniform the way secondary school students dress in Cameroon. The boys had on t-shirts and trousers of any colour while all the girls had loincloths on their waists and vests as though they were at home. As usual what mattered to him was their beauty and sex maturity. For beauty, yes they were, as all of them looked natural with bodies un-tampered by any kind of modern chemicals. For sexual maturity, perhaps no. There was just nothing any one of them did on her body to make her look more beautiful or more seductive. If given such an opportunity, the school girls back in Cameroon would put all kinds of colouring on their faces or wear all kinds of rings on

their bodies and even wear very light and thin vests over their breasts. He passed straight into the headmaster's office. The headmaster was in with some teachers whom he quickly dismissed on seeing him.

'Good morning Mr hmmmmm...'

'Jacob'

'Yes Jacob, will it be ok if I call you by your last name, Mr Mbuy'

'Sure, that's my family name'

'Right Mr Mbuy, hope you had a nice sleep'

'Yes sir'

'Permit me to welcome you again to the Maradi high school.

'Thank you sir'

'The ministry sent you here because they found that your services were really needed here. I have really been worried since schools resumed that we would be forgotten as I saw no one coming for a whole week. Our school is really in need of a qualified staff to head the English department. The teacher who headed the English department last year was an American peace corps whose contract ended and he returned to America leaving the position vacant. You will head the English department and also prepare the examination classes for their final exams. You therefore have a very heavy and important task to perform in this school. I will therefore crave your indulgence to be committed to your job so that we see satisfactory results at the end of the school year. Then one more thing, are you married or affianced?'

'No, sir' Jacob knew what was coming next. The same song, sing it, he mocked in his mind.

'No that what? That you are not married or you are not affianced?'

‘None of them.’

‘Ok I am sorry to hear that. Do you know why I say I am sorry?’

‘No.’ Jacob pretended not to know.

‘True, you wouldn’t know. Just listen to me and listen well. This is an educational institution where young men and women from all over Niger republic come to have education. The ministry of education invests heavily on these young men and women to have them educated so that they can become successful in future and serve their country .These students especially the girls have been entrusted in your hands for guidance. You are to them as a shepherd is to the sheep. Your role then is to guide them to success and not to destroy them. I have given this advice to teachers many times. Some have listened to me and some have no. All of those who have not have paid the price. So Mr Mbuy, stay clear of your students. Now come let me show you round the school and to your students.’ He did not give Jacob any opportunity to make a comment even though if he had, Jacob would not have any comment to make. He had his own secret plans. The students were having a short break and change of lesson as they passed them by. As they squeezed their way in between students in the corridors, as a well-dressed young man and being strange in the campus he thought he could be the centre of attraction as everyone would be eager to know who he is. In normal circumstances the girls especially would have at least shown a sign that they admired even his dressing by giving even a few seconds of attention. Unfortunately all his dressing and show off did not make the least impression on any one. When they reached the door of class Four B, they met a group of students standing at the door. The headmaster seized the opportunity to introduce him.

‘Hi students, meet your English and class teacher by name, Mr Jacob Mbuy. He is just coming in from the airport having flown from Cameroon. He is very qualified. He has a bilingual degree from the University of Yaoundé with French language training at Lyon in France.

Such an introduction in a school in Cameroon would have caused effervescence in the school and given him an easy pick of one of the hottest girls in school. Surprisingly the students remained indifferent to the publicity and not even a single girl cared to look at his face. On his part as if to call them to attention, he tapped on the shoulders of the nearest girls as he passed down the corridor with the headmaster, but each girl in turn pushed away his hand and rubbed the spot as if to rub off all the sensation.

Strange girls!

For six months Jacob was doing his job well. He demonstrated very good teaching techniques and just within a very short time his students were feeling his importance. He taught English in all four upper sixth classes, that is, Upper Sixth Class A, B, C and D and one of the classes of the fourth year. Before he came, the students of the Upper sixth classes could not construct a single correct sentence in English without putting in either French or Djaman, their local language but just in six months of his arrival, the students could boldly challenge an English teacher from neighbouring schools to converse with them in good and impeccable English without a single non English word. Their English improved thanks to teaching aids that Jacob constantly requested from Cameroon and the British embassy in Niamey and sports magazines which he often bought from newspaper

stands when he went to the city. His students conversed in English even in other teachers' classes and also at home. He won the love and admiration of all his students. More so as he joked with them and never punished them as the other teachers did. This later had severe consequences on him as he often completely lost control of his classes which became noted as the rowdiest classes in the school. Despite this, everything went well with his job but there was one thing lacking.

3

Strange girls

For six months he had not had any female companion in his bed to ease him up not because of the numerous warnings given him by the authorities but because he was confronting a new kind of girls. In class everything went well with his girl students. They conversed and laughed with him but when classes were over and out of class, no girl would dare accept to talk to him. On their way home, he would try to walk home with the girls who went to the same direction with him since all the students went home on foot. Whenever he tried to catch up with the girls, he noted that the girls often multiplied their steps or even ran off to avoid him. If he was ahead and girls were following and he tried to slow down to let them catch up with him, the girls either halted, or ran past him or branched off making it completely impossible to open up any kind of conversation with them. The town was a small town with a population of less than 20000 persons which would have been very easy to meet his students in town but once at home, the students rarely came out into the streets until he met them in class the next day. He scarcely met them on the street even during weekends and if at all he happened to see one coming from the opposite direction he would soon notice that she has miraculously disappeared. He would only see her behind him disappearing at the far end of the road, making it really impossible to call her back. That was how for good six months he played a losing game with his students to satisfy his lust. He found tension swelling in him like a balloon. There were no stray girls in town that anyone could boast of dating. Any woman

you met in town was either too old or was someone's wife, thereby a mortal trap. There were very stringent laws against visits between teachers and students for any purpose, whether male or female students.

What then was he going to do? This was a man who back in Cameroon could not remember having at any time gone for a week without a female companion in his bed for a night. For some weeks he had company seven nights on seven except when he was ill. There were even some good nights that he changed women. What kind of country is this? He wondered what brought him there. He was losing the battle and worse still he had good three months to go before the schools would close for the long holidays for him to go home to Cameroon for vacation. Would he be able to withstand this tension in him for three other months? There was the money. Apart from what he sent to his family back home, the rest of his salary was piling up and no one share with. He paid no rents, no transport, no bills and his food took a very tiny part of his salary. He hardly even ate all the food he prepared. The African believes that food eaten alone is never relished as food shared with someone. Since most of the food he prepared often ended up in the waste basket he reduced the number of times he cooked a month and as such his salary continued piling up.

4

Sleeping dog

When he just arrived at the school, there was one beautiful young student girl in his junior class; that is, Class Four B. This girl was by name Hadiza, sixteen years of age, dark in complexion, extra-long and well-kept hair, rounded breasts, straight flat buttocks and sexy looks in her eyes. She particularly looked appealing to Jacob and he had in mind that if ever he decided to go for one of his female students that would be the girl he would go in for first. He noticed that in class Hadiza looked at him seemingly with some kind of admiration. Each time he noticed her looking at him this way, he looked back straight into her eyes and made sure their eyes met and remained until she smiled and dropped down her eyes. It happened a few times but she sort of got guilty of it and started making sure that she quickly looked away whenever Jacob tried to let their eyes meet. Soon she completely avoided looking at him and hardly did their eyes ever meet again. He tried to catch her somewhere out of class to arrange for a date but every effort he made failed. Even though he had the last period in Hadiza's class, before the school closed for the day, Hadiza developed a practice to be the first student to pack her books and disappear every effort to trap her anywhere out of class failed. He soon noticed that she was a bad case and called it off. The Easter holidays came and went without anything to write home about. He received no visitors and had no one to visit. Kofi the Ghanaian colleague and the only other non-national on the staff was soon joined by his wife from Ghana and they were always home together and as they usually met Jacob in Church on Sundays; visits between them were

therefore extremely rare and unnecessary. He had not been lucky to have another Cameroonian sent to his school. Life would have at least been different for him. They had been dispersed all over the country. He cooked his food alone and ate alone. Whenever he felt like making an outing he went to one of the local bars but would find it even more boring than his house for he wouldn't find any good company there to pass the time. There were no sport competitions in town, not even football which was the commonest sport competition in Africa. The bars were always empty. Sometimes one would find three or four customers drinking nothing else but Fanta or Sprite or Coca Cola. Women were never found in bars not for any reason. The men left their wives home when going out to the bars. There was one cinema arena, in the open air in a fenced compound. The screen was mounted on poles and the spectators sat on benches in the open. This was because of the scorching heat. This was the recreational activity which attracted Jacob much more than any other because it was the only place where he felt like he was at home in Cameroon. Some of the movies were really good; surprisingly romantic without over-censor as hitherto would have been expected in a Moslem country. As usual there were never women in movie arenas. There were only men mostly teenagers some of them Jacob's students who would cue up behind Jacob to pay their gate fees once he appeared at the gate. Contrary to his wishes, his male students were really attached to him and were always crowding around him each time he went out to town. They were always sure of wheedling out some money from him for their next evening movie. He too soon considered them a bore to and started avoiding them. He limited his outings and preferred sleeping when he was not preparing his lesson notes or marking test scripts.

He embarked on the last three months of the school year in mid-May which was to take him up till mid-July before he would get his air-ticket to fly back home for vacation. He wondered if that day would ever come. He thought of that day. A day when he would land at the Douala or Yaoundé airport with a wallet heavy with cash and would meet hundreds of women of all ages and walks of life in the streets many of whom would be ready to follow him anywhere to spend the money at the slightest signal of invitation. But that was still three months away. If he were to do a daily count down it will be good ninety-two days before he would start thinking of leaning a nude woman on him. He started the countdown but the more he did it and thought of what fun he would have when he arrived home, the more he got uneasy. Each new day proved to be longer than the previous and brought him more tension than ever. He would explode before that day. When he thought of Marie-Anne his former student at the College of the Sisters of Mary, her sexy build whenever she lay by him nude, he gripped his pillow against his chest and rolled from one end of the bed to the other. Even Armanda, his abandoned fiancée and former colleague in the same school was not bad, he thought. He would ask her to marry him for real this time and come over to Niger with him next school year. He swore he would not stand this kind of torture and stress again the next year if he were to come back. Thirty-one days gone. Sixty-one still to go. He continued his count down. His imagination of real enjoyment all shifted back to his home. There were innumerable girls he would meet back home to have fun with. He imagined pulling Jenny his neighbour in the village into his bedroom. Jenny was a hair dresser in the town market. She had been his classmate in the elementary school. She was two years older than him but because of her small body size they looked like

age mates. As children they had been good companions in the school days. They went to school together and returned together. Their parents came to like their companionship as this helped them trace one if the other was not found. Their parents joked with them as they called them husband and wife.

‘Where is your wife? Did you see your husband today?’ they would joke. Unknowingly to them it was taking an effect on their relationship especially on Jenny who was more mature.

Unfortunately after primary school while Jacob continued his education in the secondary school, Jenny’s parents were not able to sponsor her to continue hers. They however managed to sponsor her to learn a profession. Jenny took her profession seriously and prospered in it and became one of the most popular hair dressers in their home town. She made sure she kept her hair and face well treated in order to advertise to her customers. On top of a beautiful hair and a well-kept face she had the money. While she still thought of Jacob her childhood companion, Jacob soon forgot of her once they separated from primary school. Jacob had many more educated girls to occupy his mind and only thought of Jenny when he was home for holidays. Jenny on the contrary was interested in keeping their childhood friendship alive. Whenever Jacob came home for holidays, she prepared good meals for him. She invites him out to an expensive night clubs and footed the bills but all this did not make Jacob love her one iota more.

‘Jacob, do you ever remember of our childhood days?’ Jenny asked him one day.

‘Yes, why?’

‘Since then I have grown to know only one man, you. I am now finding it difficult to put any other person in my life while you live.’

‘But those were just jokes by our parents to children. You hadn’t got to take them seriously.’

‘And what is wrong in putting such jokes into reality?’

‘Look, Jenny, love and marriage go beyond that. We can’t be life partners just because of some jokes our parents made when we were kids. There is a lot more to pass between us before we can reach that stage.’

‘And what is it that is not going on between us now? There is everything. You sleep with me most of the days of the week, I cook for you, I give you money, and we go together to night clubs, to snack bars, to movies and I do shopping for you. In addition to all of this, our parents are aware and approve of our relationship. What else do you want?’ All this preaching used to mean nothing to Jacob. Now he felt the words sing deep in his subconscious. What else did a man need from a woman much more than what Jenny used to give him? When he thought about all this, he felt sorry for her and wished she were near him now in this hell of a situation. For the first time in life, Jacob admitted that all what a man needed from a woman was not all sex. If Jenny were near him now he would say, ‘Jenny you were right, I was the one who was wrong’ and would take her in his arms and kiss her and take everything she was ready to give him. But now it was not possible. Jenny was far, far away in Ntamambang Cameroon, and he still had good sixty-one days separating them. He yawned and continued preparing his lesson notes for the next day.

Slowly and painfully, the days came and went, one day looking like the other with nothing new to offer to his boring

life. At last, it was June. The school year was rounding off. Letters were sent to all foreign teachers to declare their intentions whether they would prefer to receive air-tickets to return to their home countries for holidays or receive the equivalence in cash to spend their vacation in Niger. Jacob naturally replied that he be given an air-ticket to return home for vacation. He would take off from the Niamey international airport for Douala with a connecting flight at Abidjan by Air Afrique. He wrote letters home to Jenny, to Armanda and to many more. He went down to the border Beninese town of Parakou and bought gifts for Armanda, for Jenny and for some family members. The end of the term gave teachers much work load. There were many examination papers to mark, compilation of marks for the whole year and even more to class teachers of whom he was one. He had to fill the report cards promote the good students in order of merit and then send the reports of the failures to the disciplinary council for final decision. The final decision could either be dismissal or repetition of the class. Jacob thus had much to do as a class teacher. The evenings of his last days of the term were therefore very busy so much such that he almost forgot his plight. He worked tirelessly and this helped to make his nights shorter and less boring. The idea of upgrading his social life in the evenings faded away after all in just a few days he would be having real fund with any kind of queen he would desire back home.

This particular evening, he had worked late into the night. It was already past midnight. At this time of the night, the town was usually a ghost town. The streets were completely empty as no vehicle, not even the taxis would be running. Jacob had thought of going to bed and continuing his work the next day but had resisted the temptation and continued.

One could almost hear the leaf falling off the tree. The only noise was the voice of the imam braying the late night prayers in a distant loudspeaker. Jacob yawned but resisted another temptation to go to bed. But soon strange noise attracted his attention. He temporarily stopped breathing to listen. It sounded like footsteps on the street outside his house. As his working table was against the window facing the road, he clearly distinguished the footsteps of a human being moving towards his window. He again stopped breathing and listened well to be sure that he was not being deceived. He was not mistaken. They were actually the footsteps of a human being. A chill ran down his spine and he felt the hairs on the nape of his neck move. Who could it be? A ghost? Since he came to this country he had never learnt of any ghost stories. Who then was it at this weird hour of the night? An armed robber? Even talking about armed robbers he had never learned that any armed robbers had ever operated in this country. Whoever he was he just wished that the person made an about turn and returned to wherever he was coming from. But the footsteps continued coming louder and louder, not to the door but directly towards the window where his table was meaning that whoever he was mysteriously knew the exact position of his target and could strike without missing. What should he do? Shout? Where would the help come from? Or run. To where? This was surely some extra-terrestrial creature. It could not be any human being he knew. He never received visitors at least not at this time of the night. The last visitor he ever received was the pastor who came sometime before the Easter to give him the Easter Week program and since then he had received no one again. The pastor wouldn't dare visit him at this weird hour of the night not for any reason. As he was contemplating on what to do, his heart almost leapt into his mouth when the footsteps halted outside

his window and he heard a light tap on his window. He ignored. The person knocked again the second time and then a third time. The knocking looked real. It looked like there was really a human being outside the window who needed something. He decided to talk.

‘Who is there?’

‘This is Hadiza.

‘Who?’

‘Hadiza, your student. Master open the door. ‘He did not believe his ears. Was this a trap? This could not be the Hadiza he had tried again and again to stop in the day in the town and she had not cared to give him a face. What could be her mission to her house at this time of the night? She was surely with somebody mounting a trap for him. She had surely reported to some authority that he was interested in her and the authority had decided to use her as a trap to get evidence. But Hadiza pleaded again from outside.

‘Master, just open the door. I have something very important to tell you.’

‘Are you with anyone out there?’ He asked.

‘No Master’

‘Are you sure?’

‘Wallahi Master, believe in me. Just open the door. I have something very important to tell you.’

‘Why at this hour of the night?’

‘I am in real trouble and need your help. Help which cannot wait till tomorrow else it will be too late.’ Even though Hadiza’s voice sounded earnest, Jacob still was not sure but concluded that whether it was a trap or not the scene was already at his door and there was nothing else to do. He just had to open the door and confront whatever situation

that was before him. Jacob moved to the door and opened the door. Standing in front of him was not the Hadiza he knew but a Hadiza magnificently dressed like a western movie pop star. She had on a bikini skirt, a sleeveless vest barely covering the nips of her breasts leaving the rest exposed and a beret cap on her head tilted to the left and heavily painted face, smelling strong with some not too cheap perfume. She did not wait to be ushered into the house but just pushed her way past Jacob into the sitting room and stood facing Jacob.

‘What is the meaning of all this?’ Jacob barely got his breath to talk. ‘What do you want? Tell me quick and be brief, you know it is dangerous for you to be caught here especially at this time of the night.’ Despite this caution given by Jacob, Hadiza did not seem to be in any hurry. She instead walked to one of the chairs by Jacob’s marking table and sat on it. Then she started to talk very calmly.

‘Master, did you know that I was a repeater in class Four?’

‘No, and what about that?’

‘I went through my test papers for the year and calculated all my marks and noticed that I had no chance of making it into the next class next year except...’

‘Except what?’

‘Except you did something’

‘But if you fail you just have to repeat so that you prepare yourself well for the next class.’

‘Unfortunately I don’t have that chance again. I am already above the age. I will be seventeen next year and in this class you can be permitted to repeat twice if only you are less than sixteen years’

‘So what do you want me to do?’

‘Master, the future of my academic life lies in your hands. There is everything you can do.’

‘There is nothing I can do about it. It is impossible to do anything.’

‘Possible Master. Just upgrade my marks for this term to cover up the marks lost in the first and second terms to enable me have the past mark and I will give you everything you ask of me.’ Jacob was momentarily baffled by this generous offer. What could Hadiza give him? She was a poor student and had nothing while he was a worker with a good salary. What then was this student proposing to give him? ‘Please Master, save me, don’t put my education in jeopardy. Just do it and ask me of anything now and I will give it to you without hesitation’.

‘No’

‘Yes Master’, then she started weeping. ‘Master, is this the end of my education?’

‘But you can go to a different school.’

‘In our country once you have been dismissed from one government school no other school can admit you.’ She sobbed and leaned on Jacob and put her hands round his neck and let her tears run down Jacob’s body and pressed her breasts against Jacob’s chest as she sobbed. Jacob felt sorry for her but that was not all. There was another sensation in him, one that he had never had since he came to this country. This was because this was the first time he was feeling the breasts of a woman against his chest, not just any kind of breasts but virgin breasts as he thought. Breasts he had longed for some time. Then the urge to have more of those breasts came stronger and he unconsciously ran his hands on Hadiza’s long hair down her back and onto her buttocks and pressed her to himself. He had completely forgotten that he was about to reject something. Hadiza did not push away his

hand from her buttocks nor resist any of his actions as would have been expected. Soon Jacob found himself wiping Hadiza's tears and tapping her cheeks to calm her. As the urge continued coming on stronger and stronger, some questions came with it. What was Hadiza asking for? Just a few marks which did not belong to anyone. He did not need to go to any store or shop to buy the marks. There was no accountant who was keeping a record of marks given out to students. The source of the marks was inexhaustible. And what more, there was no way that one could prove whether marks had been given out to anyone free of charge. Why damage a young girl's future when just a few scratches of his pen could fix everything? He gently led Hadiza to the chair besides, opened the class register and then picked up Hadiza's report card. Fortunately for Hadiza, he had neither filled in her marks in the register nor in the report card. He picked up a calculator and calculated her marks and did the upgrading, then wrote promoted on the report card and wrote his remarks. Hadiza who was following it up, jumped with joy and shouted, 'Thank you very much Master. Allah shall reward you for this.' and again wrapped her hands around his neck and kissed him.

'Shhhhhhhhhhh,' Jacob cautioned but tightened his hands round her waist and lifted her to the bedroom.

The couple slept late into the morning. Both were dead exhausted when they woke up. They had laboured hard in course of the night to replenish what they had not got for a very long time. Jacob still very tired and sleepy forced his eyes open and looked at his watch and his heart flashed when he saw the time read 9:00. He turned and asked Hadiza,

‘No school for you today?’

‘But today is Saturday, have you forgotten?’

‘OK I forgot. But you have to go now. And be careful’

‘Sure, I will’ Jacob watched Hadiza pull up her bikini skirt and slide the sleeveless vest over her breasts and doubted if what he was experiencing was real or just a stupid dream. ‘I have dreamt of this moment since the first day I saw you come to this school. I vowed to be the first girl to have a date with you. I was dead jealous the day you lavished praises on Aissa about her very good English. I was afraid you would fall in love with her and I would therefore lose you to her.’

‘Hadiza, you are a crook. You have got me cheap. You go now and keep your mouth shut on everything we have done here OK?’

‘Not until you have made a promise to me.’

‘And what is the promise?’

‘That you shall one day take me to Cameroon your beautiful country, so that we can walk hand in hand and go to the night club and dance Makossa music, walk hand in hand to the football field and watch the Cameroon teams play. Here is all boredom, no night clubs, no football, nothing. Even if there were any, girls will not be allowed to go because of some stupid culture. How I hate the culture.’ She said putting on her beret.

‘Who do you know in the Cameroon teams?’ Jacob asked.

‘I know Roger Milla, Nkono the goal keeper, Doctor Abega and many more. Then for music, I will dance Makossa by Manu Dibango, Moni Bile and many more.’

‘And if I don’t promise?’

‘Then I will make you do it my own way.’ She laughed and waxed her buttocks in the style of a Makossa dance as

she said it. Jacob wondered if she would dare to venture into the street dressed in that manner. Then he saw her open her handbag and pull out two wrappers. She tied one round her waist and threw the other over her head down her shoulders, covering her half naked chest. After that he watched her move out and cross the street looking as innocent as nothing had happened. So she had really prepared herself for the date. How often does she do this? He wondered. She was an expert in her game. Jacob lay still in bed and replayed the whole night's drama. It looked so interesting and sweet. There was no doubt that he had enjoyed it all. It was so sweet that he asked himself whether if he could have Hadiza again and again there would be any sense again wasting his air-ticket to go home for the vacation? Why not just spend his vacation back in Niger with Hadiza? After all schools would already be on recess and the authorities would not put too much of an eye on students private lives during the holiday period. Secondly Hadiza proved to be so tough in her game that one could confidently

rely on her. He surely needed sometime to reconsider his Cameroon plans.

He did not know for how long he was buried in this thought until a hard knock on the door woke him up from his deep thought. Who could it be this time? As usual he was at a loss for he never received visitors at home. Could it be that Hadiza coming back and for what? But the knock on the door was not Hadiza's kind of knock. It was a man's knock. Except Hadiza had become too bold after subduing him emotionally and was now confident to behave in any manner she wished. But the knock came harder and a man's voice ordered, 'Open the door. police.' He leapt from the bed and peeped through the window and saw two police officers, an

elderly man and Hadiza in their middle crying seemingly rough handled as she was now holding her wrappers in her hands. As he hesitated, he soon heard another police go round and start banging the back door while the other continued banging on the front door.

‘Just open the door and don’t try any tricks.’ The one at the front door warned. Jacob opened the door and there in front of him were Hadiza weeping, two policemen brandishing handcuffs and an elderly wretched looking man who Jacob guessed to be Hadiza’s father.

‘Sorry Master, I did not plan this.’ Hadiza told him. ‘My father waited for me all night and when I returned he took me straight to the police who forced me to come and show where I spent the night. I had no choice. I am so sorry.’ Jacob was so guilty that he could not find any words to defend himself.

The police officer pulled him and fitted the cuffs on his hands as the other one asked for the keys of his house and locked the door and they led him off to the police station while Hadiza and her father were instructed to go home and wait until further notice.

5

Locked down

Two months inside the holidays, the presiding judge pronounced judgement on Jacob's case. Jacob was found guilty of kidnapping, abduction and sexual abuse to minors kept under his care. This was a serious crime punishable under the law of the country. He was therefore sentenced to five years imprisonment with hard labour and no right of parole. He was to be sent to the maximum security prison in Zinder to serve his prison term.

Hadiza who was present during the judgement helplessly watched Jacob escorted by the prison gendarme officers into the black van of the gendarmerie. As the van drove off, she could barely raise her hand to bid him bye. The van went faster and faster and disappeared at the far end of the road. She stood there inevitably seeing her dreams of going to Cameroon fade away. She managed to mumble a prayer, 'may Allah be with you until we shall meet again to go to Cameroon.'

TOURING GIRLS tells the story of Jacob Mbuy a young Cameroonian whose primary objective in life is having affairs with as many women as possible. He is obsessed with abusing young girls as well as instilling hopeless hope in adult women. His demise comes when he changes his world from the Christian to the Moslem world where he confronts a new type of women who behave strangely and cannot dance to his tunes. Protected by Islamic traditions and strict government laws, Jacob lands into a hell of unprecedented problems.

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